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LITTLE ANN.

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LITTLE ANN;

OR,

FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS

UPON

INTERESTING SUBJECTS,

BETWEEN

A CHILD AND HER PARENTS.

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P R E F A C E.

THERE is probably no circumstance of greater magnitude in the instruction of children, than an endeavour to induce in their infant minds a habit of reflection, and of drawing useful inferences from objects which surround them, and come continually under their notice. Children are close observers, they must think, and they will form their own opinions upon what they hear and see; and to enable them to reason justly, and turn the natural inquisitiveness of their age to some good account, is an important object of parental solicitude. To encourage such efforts, we have the greatest and the best example: for, to pass by every authority merely human, it was thus that the ever-blessed Jesus taught his disciples. The birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea; the

corn while sowing in the earth, and when springing up in the blade, or ripening in the ear; the humble lily of the valley, the fruitful fig tree, and the luxuriant and wide-spreading vine; every passing object, every surrounding scene, furnished him with fresh matter, from which, in words such as man had never spoken before, nor has ever uttered since, he instructed and delighted those who surrounded him. To assist parents in thus teaching the young to derive useful lessons from events of every-day occurrence, is the aim of this little unpretending volume.



LITTLE ANN.



THE WHITE ROBE.

“PAPA,” said little Ann Harrison, looking up in her father’s face, “when shall I be twenty years old?”

“Twenty years old!” said her father; “how came such a thought as that into my little girl’s head?” Then, with a graver look and a deep sigh, (for he had already lost several lovely children,) he added, “You may never live to be twenty, my love.”

“I know that,” said the prattler; “for

poor brother Henry was only seven when he died, and dear little baby Hetty was but a year and a-half old. I remember them. And then Stephen was only four, and Francis but two ; for mamma and I went into the church-yard, and read the dates upon their tombstones, the other day. But, papa, if I do live, when shall I be twenty ?”

“ Why,” replied her father, “ I believe you know the multiplication table : how many are four times five ?”

“ Twenty,” said the little girl.

“ Well, then, as you are now only five, you must live three times as long as you have lived, before you are of that age.”

“ Oh dear !” cried Ann, “ that is a very, very long time indeed ! But when I am twenty, I shall be a woman, shan’t I, papa ?”

“ I suppose you will think yourself one,” said her father. “ But pray what does all this lead to ?”

“ Why, then, when I am a woman, I may do as I like. May I not, papa ?”

Father. I do not know that : you may like to do something that is impossible, or at least highly improper ; or you may be under some who will prevent your doing what you like, even if it is ever so reasonable. But

pray what does my little Ann think she should like to do?

Ann. Why, papa, I have been thinking, that when I am a woman, I will have just such pretty dresses and fine feathers, and ride in such a handsome carriage as Mrs. Montague.

“Oh! your humble servant,” cried Mr. Harrison; “it is all come out now. But, then, there is another thing to be taken into consideration. In order to do as Mrs. Montague does, you must have as much money as she has; and I really do not think that will ever be your lot.”

“Why, papa,” said the child, “cannot you give me as much? I thought you were very rich, and could give my brother and me a great deal of money.”

“Then, my dear,” replied he, “you are much mistaken. I neither can do it, nor am I desirous of it.”

Ann. Not desirous of it! Why, do you not wish to see us very happy?

Father. Yes, my love; but I do not think being very rich would make you so.

“No!” said Ann. “Why, are not all rich people happy?”

“Indeed they are not,” said her father;

“many of them are far more miserable than those who have to work hard for their daily bread.”

Ann. Well, I could never have thought it.

Father. I suppose not: but pray tell me what you would wish for more than you have. Is not that white frock you have on a very neat one?

Ann. Yes, papa, but——

Father. But what? Speak out.

Ann. I should like it better if it was trimmed with lace; and I want a feather in my bonnet.

Father. That you are not likely to have, because both your mother and myself think, that the simpler dress is, especially for children, the better. But since you wish to be dressed handsomely, I can tell you of a garment that is at once the most useful and the most ornamental of any in the universe. It is so white, that even the snow cannot equal it; so full and elegant, that it hides all blemishes and defects; and so handsome, that even God himself and his holy angels take delight in beholding all those who wear it.

Ann. O papa! do buy me this pretty dress.

Father. It is not to be bought; no money can purchase it. It must be received as a free gift.

Ann. Oh, how good it must be in those who give away such a beautiful dress! Do, my dear papa, get them to give me one.

A tear started in Mr. Harrison's eye, while he pressed his little girl to his bosom, and exclaimed, "Indeed, my love, it is the first wish of my heart that both you and your brother may wear this white robe."

"My brother!" said Ann; "why great boys do not wear white frocks."

Father. The white robe of which I speak is suitable for old and young, rich and poor, male and female. Indeed, all must have it, or be ruined for ever.

Ann. I do not understand you, papa.

Father. I will endeavour to explain my meaning. You have been taught in your catechism that the first man, Adam, sinned against God, and by his sin involved all his posterity in guilt and misery.

Ann. Are all men sinners, then, papa?

Father. Yes, all men, and women, and children too: you have just given proof that your heart is sinful. Your desire of fine clothes shows pride, which is a very great

sin. Again, your wishing for things you do not possess shows discontent, unthankfulness for the many good things God has given you, and a covetous desire of those he has seen fit to withhold. And all this is very wrong and sinful.

Ann asked, with tears in her eyes, "Is God Almighty angry with me, papa?"

Father. He is always angry with sin, my dear.

Ann (weeping). Oh, I am sorry I have been so naughty! Will God forgive me?

Father. He is a God of infinite mercy and forgiveness, my love, and always ready to pardon those who seek mercy through his beloved Son. You have been taught that Jesus Christ, the blessed Redeemer, came into the world to die for sinners, and by his merits and death to atone for their sins, and reconcile them to his heavenly Father, and save them with an everlasting salvation. Now it is the possession of this grace and salvation that is figuratively expressed in Scripture by wearing the white robe of Christ's righteousness; and without this we shall never be fit to serve God here, nor to enjoy him in heaven. This is what my soul earnestly desires for my dear children. Will my little

Ann endeavour to remember what I have said upon this subject?

Ann. I will try to do so, papa. I will pray to God to forgive my sins, and to clothe me with the robe of his Son's righteousness.

Father. Do so, my love. I trust your parents will never forget to pray for you.





THE HIGH HILL.

MR. and Mrs. Harrison were sensible as well as pious people. As God had blessed them with children, it was the first wish of their hearts to train them up for his service ; and as they very properly thought that instruction might be more agreeably conveyed and more deeply impressed by improving, in a familiar way, the little incidents of common life, than by long lessons and dry lectures, they suffered no opportunity of this kind to pass unnoticed. At the time of which we are now speaking, their only surviving children were a son and a daughter ; the former, about eleven years of age, was placed at a respectable academy, the master of which was as eminent for true piety as for

sound learning ; but little Ann was educated at home, chiefly by her mother.

Mrs. Harrison generally made Ann the companion of her walks ; and one afternoon she took her on a visit to some friends, the nearest road to whose house lay over a steep hill. When they came to the foot of it, Ann looked up and said, “ Oh, what a high hill ! how shall we ever get up ? ”

“ Upon our feet, I hope,” said her mother : “ come, my dear, take hold of my hand.”

“ Indeed, mamma,” said Ann, “ I do not think I can get up.”

“ You will not,” said Mrs. Harrison, “ if you stay at the bottom, or even stop short in the middle ; but if you first advance one foot, and then the other, and continue to move them one after the other, depend upon it you will in time arrive at the top.”

Ann. Indeed, mamma, I do not think I can ; and, if you please, I had rather stay here or go back again.

Mrs. H. But I do not please. It is my pleasure that you should go, so let me hear no more objections.

Ann sighed, but said no more. They set forward, and by the help of her mother’s hand, after a little labour, she reached the

top. They had now a very extensive prospect, and were surrounded by fine green pastures, adorned with beautiful flowers, where the cattle were feeding, while the little birds hopped from spray to spray, or, perched upon some of the loftiest trees, warbled forth their melodious songs. Ann quite forgot her fatigue, and, skipping about like a young fawn, said, "O mamma, what a pleasant place this is!"

"It is, indeed, my dear," answered her mother; "but you would not have seen it if you had remained at the bottom of the hill."

"No, indeed," said Ann; "and I am glad I came up; the hill itself was not so bad as I thought it was."

"It is frequently thus in the journey of life," said Mrs. Harrison. "We see difficulties before us, and fancy them greater than they are; and thus discourage ourselves, and perhaps relinquish some useful and honourable pursuit; whereas by steady perseverance we should have gained our end, and been constrained to acknowledge that the obstacles in the way were not half so formidable as we had imagined."

By this time they had reached the cottage they intended to visit, the inhabitant of which

was an industrious man, who supported his family by the cultivation of a small farm. He and his wife, who had formerly lived as servant with Mrs. Harrison, were very glad to see her and her daughter. They brought them some excellent brown bread and butter, and new milk from the cow; and little Ann, whose walk had given her an appetite, thought she had never tasted anything so good. The farmer's children then took her into the garden, where they presented her with some delicious fruit, and gathered for her a large nosegay of beautiful flowers.



Afterwards, they showed her the bees at work in a glass hive, and the hen leading about a

fine brood of young chickens. Thus they amused her till her mother thought it was time to return home, when they took leave of the kind farmer and his family, and set out on their way back.

“ Well,” said Ann, as they walked along, “ I think I never spent such a pleasant afternoon in my life.”

“ And yet, all this pleasure you would have lost if I had permitted you to have your own way,” answered her mother. “ I hope, therefore, my beloved child, that you will remember this walk, and learn some useful lessons from it.

“ In the first place, always think that your parents know better what is for your good than you do yourself, and cheerfully submit to their will, even if it should cross your own.

“ Again, when, in the course of your learning, or anything else that you are called to attend to, you see obstacles before you, recollect this hill, and consider that the way to surmount them is, not to sit still and gaze upon them, but to labour with perseverance and diligence till they are overcome.

“ Once more, remember that a little fatigue and industrious application will make

the innocent gratifications of life more pleasant and savoury, as the bread and butter at farmer Smith's appeared to you after your walk.

“ Lastly, I would observe, that you could not probably have got up the hill without the help of my hand ; and oh, may this remind my little girl that, in her passage through life, she must constantly seek support and assistance from a greater and better Parent, even him who deigns to be called ‘ Our Father who art in heaven.’ He is ever ready to help the helpless. To Him, then, may my Ann early be taught to look as the Guide of her youth, and the Director of all her ways.”





THE NAUGHTY LADY.

MRS. HARRISON received a call one morning from a lady in the neighbourhood, with whom she had no intimacy, though, from family connexions, it was necessary to keep up a civil intercourse. Ann was amusing herself with her doll at one of the windows, and it was not supposed that she paid much attention to the conversation. The visitor, how-

ever, was no sooner gone, than she said to her mother, "That is a very naughty lady, mamma."

"What makes you think so, my dear?" asked Mrs. Harrison.

"Because she says naughty words," replied the child. "I am sure neither you nor papa ever talk as she did."

"Indeed, my dear girl," said her mother, "I regret to say she has such a habit of taking the sacred name of God in vain, as makes me feel exceedingly uncomfortable whenever I am in her company."

"Cannot she repeat the third commandment, mamma?" said Ann; "for you know that tells us we must not take the name of the Lord our God in vain, and that he will not hold us guiltless if we do."

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Harrison, "she has learned that and all the other commandments, at some period of her life; but she either forgets them, or, at least in this instance, neglects to govern her conduct by them."

"But, mamma, does it do her any good to use such words?"

"Certainly, my love, it can neither do her any good, nor gain her any respect; for the

use of such language is as much beneath a lady as it is unworthy of a Christian. Yet there are many people, who would be shocked at the thought of swearing, that can in the most thoughtless manner utter the Divine name in common conversation ; but this is neither more nor less than swearing by those sacred names, and betrays an irreverend and profane state of mind, which makes persons of more serious habits tremble. The wisest and most excellent men have, in all ages, shown the greatest awe and reverence of the Divine name and attributes. I have read of a great philosopher and eminent Christian, Mr. Boyle, that when he pronounced the name of God, he made a pause in his conversation, and showed more than ordinary seriousness of countenance. We are told in the Scriptures, that even the angels hide their faces with their wings, and bow with the most profound humility, while they cry, ‘ Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts,’ Isa. vi. 2, 3 ; and shall we poor sinful mortals trifle with that name which fills the inhabitants of heaven with reverence and awe ?

“ I am glad, my dear child, that you did notice with disapprobation and horror, the conduct of that lady ; yet we must pity and

pray for her. Perhaps she had no kind



parents or friends to watch over her when young, and guard her from such a shocking habit: but you, my love, are better taught, and I hope you will always stand at the utmost distance from such a practice. Evil habits grow upon us by little and little. Many persons accustom themselves to express surprise or admiration by sudden exclamations which, to say the least, are vain and useless, and often lead on to worse errors. Even when we say to a friend, 'God bless you,' without thinking seriously of the meaning of the words, and secretly desiring that the blessing of God may really come upon that person, we do but use solemn words in a

light and trifling manner; and the Lord Jesus Christ has told us, that for every idle word we must give an account. I hope my dear child will always remember this, and pray to God for grace to rule her tongue according to his holy word."

"Thank you, dear mamma. I hope I shall," said little Ann.





THE STUBBORN CHILD.

ANN was, in her general conduct, a good little girl, yet she sometimes showed that she belonged to the fallen race of Adam, by indulging wrong tempers, and acting in a very improper manner. One morning, particularly, she got up in a very bad humour. She was cross to Sarah, her maid, when she came to wash and dress her; and when brought into the parlour, she was quite sullen, and would not eat her breakfast. Her mamma spoke to her to no purpose; and her father, after he had borne with her for a long time, became very angry, and told her, that

as she had seen fit to quarrel with her breakfast, she should not remain in the room with him and her mother, but be shut up in an apartment by herself till she learned to behave better. As her parents always made it a rule not to threaten anything which they did not intend to perform, Ann was immediately taken away, and, in spite of all her resistance, put into the back parlour—not a dark one, for Mr. and Mrs. Harrison were too wise to frighten their children. Here a piece of bread and a glass of water were placed upon the table, and the little girl was left by herself.

Her kind mother's heart ached at being obliged thus to punish her darling; but she knew it was for her good. Ann might have been released at once, if she would only have confessed her fault, and asked forgiveness; but this her pride would not permit her to do. She cried till she was quite tired, and then stood sullenly silent; and when her mamma went to her, more than an hour afterwards, she found her in the same sad humour. She therefore left her again, and she continued alone till near dinner time. At length, however, she began to come to herself, and feel ashamed of her conduct. She

was then heard at the door crying, "Pray mamma, let me come out, and I will be a good girl."

Mrs. Harrison went to her directly, and inquired if she was really sorry for having been so naughty. She sobbed out, "Yes." Her mother told her that as she had been shut up at her papa's desire, she could not think of releasing her without his consent, but would go and seek for him. He soon came to her, and, upon receiving a confession of her fault, and promise of amendment, he kissed and forgave her. Ann was then washed and dressed for dinner, at which she ate heartily, for she was very hungry.

In the afternoon, her father placed her upon his knee, and said, "Now, Ann, tell me truly, did you not feel very unhappy this morning, when you were so naughty?"

"Yes, indeed I did, papa," replied the child.

"I know it," said he; "for evil tempers and sinful actions always carry their own punishment along with them, and bring present misery upon those who indulge them, while, if persisted in, they expose them to everlasting ruin. But what I want to convince you of, my dear child, is, that there must

be an evil principle within to induce people to the commission of wicked actions. We sometimes hear persons talk of having good hearts ; but if the heart was good, we may be sure the conduct would always be good likewise ; for a good tree must bring forth good fruit. You know the apple trees in the orchard produce such fine apples that you think it quite a treat to have one of them ; while, on the other hand, that crab-tree at the corner of the field, though it looks very beautiful when in blossom, yields no fruit but little sour crabs, that set your teeth on edge. Indeed, all trees are wild by nature, and produce bad fruit till they are grafted from a good stock. Now, just so it is with the heart of man. Adam, by his disobedience, as I have often told you, brought sin into the world, and involved all mankind in guilt and ruin. As we descend from this evil stock, we are all born with wicked and depraved hearts, and from these proceed such evil and rebellious tempers as you manifested this morning, together with all the lying, and swearing, and wickedness of every kind, that is practised in the world ; and till the Lord is pleased to give us his grace, and thereby graft our hearts, so to speak, from a good

stock, we shall continue to love sin and to hate holiness. You should, therefore, my



dear girl, pray to the Lord to bestow upon you a new heart and give you a right spirit, that so you may learn to hate what is evil, and walk in the ways of righteousness and peace, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for the pardon of your sins, and the acceptance of your prayers.

“It was very painful to your mamma and me to punish you this morning, for we love you dearly, and should always be glad to see you happy; but we did it for your good. It is just so with God, our heavenly Father; though he is kind and compassionate, and loves his children better than

we can love you, yet he corrects them for their follies and their faults. Always remember, then, my love, that if there had been no sin in the world, there would have been no suffering; and whenever you feel any pain or sorrow, regard it as one of the sad consequences of sin, and think that a wise and gracious God punishes you not in anger, but to do you good, and make you wise, and holy, and happy."





THE PRETTY LAMB.

As Ann was one morning taking a walk with her mother, their road lay through a pleasant green lane, with a high hedge on each side, that for a time bounded their prospect. By degrees, however, the hedge on the right hand became lower, as they advanced, till even little Ann could see over it; when she suddenly cried out, "Oh! mamma, mamma, do look at those pretty lambs! Oh! what sweet creatures! How I wish that I could get over the hedge, and kiss them!"

"They are indeed very pretty innocent little creatures," said her mother; "but I think if you even were on the other side, you would be troubled to kiss them; for they are very timid, and would soon run away, and con-

vince you that, nimble as you are, they can run faster on four legs than you could on two. Let us stop and look at them: we may learn some useful lessons from them. Observe how they run and play about, full of gentleness and love. There are six of them all running together down that bank, as if in a race, but whichever gets down first, I dare say the others will not envy him, much less quarrel about it. Now, this is just what I wish to see in my family. Never let me hear of contentions between you and your brother, or little cousins; but always live in love and peace, and be ready to oblige, and give way to one another. You remember, I hope, that sweet little song by Dr. Watts, which begins, ‘Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs.’ ”

“Oh yes, mamma,” cried Ann, “I can repeat it all,” which she immediately did.

“Very well, my dear,” said Mrs. Harrison, “I am glad you do not forget what you learn: and I hope those beautiful sentiments will impress your heart and regulate your conduct through life.”

“But, mamma,” said Ann, “do but look at that poor little lamb yonder: how weak it seems! it can hardly stand!”

“It is very weak indeed,” said her mother. “Poor little thing! it is young and weak; and the wind blows cold this morning, and pierces it so that it is almost starved. Hark! how its poor mother bleats, and calls it to come after her; but it has not strength enough, and she, well as she loves it, cannot take it up and carry it. Oh! now it has fallen quite down.”

“Poor dear little lamb!” said Ann, almost ready to cry, “what will become of it! I wish I could get to it, I would nurse it. But who is that man coming along yonder? I hope he will take some notice of it.”

“No doubt he will,” answered Mrs. Harrison, “for that is the shepherd; now look at him, and take notice how he proceeds.”

“Oh, see! see!” cried Ann, “he has taken it up in his arms, and hugs it close to his bosom! now he has put it under his coat to keep it warm. Oh! how kind he is! I love him dearly, because he is so good to the poor lamb.”

“He is, indeed,” said her mother; “if he had not come, it would probably have died from cold and weakness; but now he will warm and cherish it, and carry it to a place where it will not be exposed to the piercing

winds. But tell me, my love, does not what



you have seen of the shepherd's care remind you of something you have read lately?"

Ann paused a few moments, and then said, "Oh yes, mamma! I read, the other day, the 10th chapter of the Gospel by John, where the Lord Jesus Christ calls himself the good Shepherd, and says he knows his sheep, and they know him, and follow him; but I do not remember anything about lambs there."

"Perhaps not," answered her mother, "but lambs, you know, are young sheep; and wherever there is a flock of sheep, there is sure, at the proper season, to be lambs; and these being young and tender, require more care than the sheep. In the 40th chapter of Isaiah, and the 11th verse, it is expressly fore-

told of the blessed Jesus, that he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, just as you have seen that kind shepherd do."

"But does it mean, right earnest, lambs, mamma?" asked Ann.

"No, my dear," said her mother, "it means there the human race, and the young, who are all, in a spiritual sense, as weak and helpless, and incapable of guiding themselves in the right way, as sheep or lambs; and the flock of Christ are those who believe in his name, depend for life and salvation only upon him, and look up to him continually for wisdom to direct, and grace to enable them to walk in his ways."

"Am I one of Christ's lambs, mamma," said little Ann.

This question brought tears into her mother's eyes, and she replied, "I hope my dearest child will be numbered among them: you were dedicated to him before you saw the light, and have been committed to his care by thousands of prayers since your birth; and I hope, my Ann, that you will learn to pray to him yourself, and entreat him to become your kind Shepherd, and protect you from all the evils you are exposed to in a wicked and

ensnaring world. He will receive you; for he said of the young, when on earth, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and



forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God,'” Mark x. 14.

“Will you teach me how to pray, mamma?” said Ann.

“Most gladly will I do so to the best of my ability; and you must always remember that true prayer is the language of the heart; and the simplest words will be accepted by God if they are offered up in sincerity, in

the name of the blessed Redeemer. He loves little children, and will never cast out one who comes to him."

"Well," said Ann, "I hope I shall never forget the shepherd and the little lamb!"

"I hope you will not," answered her mother, "and that whenever you see a flock of sheep and lambs, it will lead your thoughts to the Lord Jesus Christ, the great and good Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep."





THE HELPLESS INFANT.

It was about this time that the family of Mr. Harrison received a most interesting addition by the birth of a lovely infant. Ann was highly delighted with her little sister. She skipped about her; and would have hugged and kissed her, if nurse had not reminded her that the tender limbs of a little baby would not bear so much handling. While her mamma continued poorly, Ann was exceedingly careful not to disturb her. She crept about the house, and shut the doors very softly; and when she was permitted to go to the room, she moved on tiptoe, and

whispered very gently. When Mrs. Harrison was well enough to come into the drawing room, Ann was very much pleased to see her there, with the baby upon her lap; and not a little did she think herself honoured, when she was allowed to sit down upon her elbow-chair, and hold it a few minutes upon her own knees. All this went on very well for a time; but by and by feelings of a different kind crept into poor Ann's bosom.

Little Harriet required so much attention, that her mother's time was much occupied, and she could not fondle and caress Ann so much as she had been used to do. This caused a degree of jealousy; and one day, when Mrs. Harrison was dressing the baby, she said to her, "Mamma, what a great deal of care you take of sister Harriet! you dress her, and feed her, and do every thing for her; while I have only Sarah to attend to me."

"Just the same attention," replied her mother, "that I now pay to little Harriet, I paid about five years ago to little Ann; but now you are grown older, and can in some measure take care of yourself, and by the help of Sarah, with my occasional superin-

tendence, can do very well. But look at this poor little weak creature; she can do nothing for herself, and must perish if she was neglected. She has, it is true, as many legs as you have, but they are yet too feeble to be of the least use to her; her hands are not strong enough to hold her food, or convey it to her mouth; and though she has got a tongue, she cannot speak a single word, to inform us either what she wants, or when she is in pain. What, then, would become of her if somebody did not pay her constant attention? and who can do this so properly or affectionately as her mother? Surely, then, my dear, you are not displeased that I take so much care of your sister?"

"No, mamma," said Ann, "only"—

"Only what?" inquired her mother.

"I cannot bear"—and she threw her arms round her mother's neck—"I cannot bear that you should love her better than you do me."

"Neither do I, my dear," said Mrs. Harrison, "I only manifest my love in a different way; and one more suited to her wants. There is no animal in all the creation that comes into the world so needy and helpless as an infant. The little lambs you

saw the other day, were born with warm woolly coats upon their backs ; and they very soon begin to run about, and crop the green herbage. It is the same with all other animals : the kittens you are so fond of, you know, began to lap milk in a very few days, and could soon run after their mother, and amuse themselves by a thousand gambols ; and the little chickens are scarcely out of the shell,



before they run about, and, in imitation of the old hen, begin to scratch for food. But infants are for many months utterly unable to assist themselves in any way. What, therefore could they do without kind mothers or nurses to take care of them ? My little lively Ann would never have been such a stout,

active, romping girl as she is, if great attention had not been paid to her in her infancy. I hope you will remember this, and never again feel any jealousy towards your dear little sister."

"No, indeed, mamma, I never will," said Ann, tenderly kissing little Harriet, as she lay smiling upon her mother's knee; "I will love her very dearly, and help you to nurse her as well as I can."

"That is right," said her mamma; "and you must recollect that, as infants are dependent upon their nurses, so are we all upon the kind care, and protection, and provision of God, which we call Providence. The strongest and wisest of our race are too weak to help themselves, and too ignorant to direct their own paths aright, without Divine teaching and guidance. Though your parents provide food, clothing, and every necessary, for you and your brother and sister, yet it is God, by his providence, who enables us to do it. And if we bring you up, as we earnestly desire to do, in his fear, the wisdom and grace to do so must come from him. Never forget this, my dear girl, and when you say, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' oh! think that

you are indeed to look up to Almighty God as your best Parent, and truest Friend ; and ask from him all you need for this world, and that which is to come."





BEHAVIOUR TO SERVANTS.

As Mrs. Harrison came down stairs, one morning, she heard something she did not like ; but as it was the usual hour for family devotion, she said nothing till that and breakfast were ended. She then called Ann, and asked her what she was saying to Sarah just before prayer ? Ann's cheeks were always rosy, but they became much redder than usual, and she made no reply. Her mother said to her, very seriously, " Ann, you know that when I ask a question I expect an

answer; and I hope it is not necessary to remind you that it must be the truth."

Ann said, in a very low voice, "I asked her for my bread and milk, mamma."

"How did you ask her? I want to know exactly what you said."

The tears now started in Ann's eyes, but she knew her mother would be obeyed, and after a little pause she replied, "I said, Sarah, give me my bread and milk; I am hungry; I must and will have it directly."

"And was that a proper way to ask for it?" said her mother.

"I was hungry, mamma, and I had asked her before."

"What was she doing, that prevented her paying immediate attention to your request?"

"She was nursing little Harriet," said Ann, who by this time felt thoroughly ashamed of herself.

"And was not that a sufficient reason for the delay?" asked her mother. "Have you so soon forgot what I said to you the other day about the helpless state of your poor little sister? And did you wish her to be put down, and made to cry, merely to gratify your impatience? As to your being hungry, think what those poor children suffer who are really

hungry, and have no way to satisfy their craving appetites; perhaps you have never been so hungry in all your life: let this teach you to be more moderate and thankful.

“With respect to Sarah, if she had been really faulty, I should not have allowed you to reprove her. Servants have quite trouble enough with children, without being subjected to haughty and uncivil language from them; and nothing of the kind will I ever permit.”

Ann saw her mamma was angry, and said she was sorry she had spoken so.

“I hope you are,” said Mrs. Harrison, “and the proof I shall require of it is, that you tell Sarah so, and ask her pardon.”

“I ask Sarah’s pardon, mamma!” exclaimed Ann, with surprise.

“Yes, my dear,” said her mother; “I mean what I say. Sarah is a more important person in this house than you seem to suppose. I believe her to be a steady, trusty servant, and good servants are great blessings; much of our domestic comfort arises from them; and we are, upon the whole, perhaps, more dependent upon them, than they are upon us, since they might earn their bread some other way; while masters, and mistresses, and especially children, could not

conveniently do many things that are necessary to their own comfort. How, for instance, could you have got supplies for the hunger you complain so much of, and that made you so outrageous, without Sarah, or some one in her room. You would neither have lighted the fire, nor boiled the milk, nor made any other preparation yourself.

“ Instead, therefore, of looking upon servants as being so much beneath you, I wish you to consider them as links in the chain that connects society together. We cannot do without them ; and we ought to make their situations as comfortable as circumstances will allow. Nor will I ever admit of your speaking in a haughty and uncivil way to any one, even the meanest person you meet with ; but always remember, that though there must be different ranks in society, we are all sinners, and in that sense all stand upon an equality in the sight of God, and all need a free salvation through the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. Also a servant, or even a beggar, if he is humble and pious, is as highly esteemed by God, and shall shine as bright in his kingdom, as the mightiest monarch.”

Ann felt the force of her mother's observa-

tions. She went directly to Sarah, and told her she was sorry she had spoken so unkindly to her, and would not do it again. Her apology was readily accepted, and she was never known to offend in a similar way afterwards.





THE CORN FIELD.

As Mrs. Harrison was now so much engaged that she could not go out so often as she used to do, Ann was more frequently made the companion of the walks taken by her father. On one of these excursions, he led her to a fine field of corn, which was quite ripe, and the reapers busily employed in cutting it down. The little girl was much pleased, and looked on a long time at the men who were at work, admiring the skill with which some managed the sickle, and the neatness and dispatch used by others in binding up the sheaves. "We see here," said Mr. Harrison, "a fresh proof of the

goodness of the Almighty ; how bountifully has he spread the earth with plenty, and provided food for his dependent creatures ! This is wheat : you know the uses to which it is applied."

"Yes, papa," said she ; "it is to make bread."

"True," answered her father ; "this corn



VARIOUS KINDS OF CORN PLANTS.

will be carried to the granary, or else put up in stacks in the farmer's yard, till it is wanted. It will then be taken to the barn, and thrashed, by which means the pure grain will be separated from the chaff. The former must next be sent to the mill, which being turned by the force either of wind or

water, will grind it into flour, in which state it is brought to our houses, where it is made into that most useful article of food called bread."

"O papa!" said Ann, "I know how that is done; for I have often watched Betty. She puts some flour into a deep pan, mixed with a little salt, and makes a hollow place in the middle of it, into which she pours some yeast, and a little water, and stirs it together; then she leaves it to rise; and after a while she puts some more water, and kneads it into dough. She lets it stand a good while longer, to rise more, or else she says it would be heavy; and then she makes it into loaves, and then puts them into the oven to be baked."

"Very well," said her father, "I am glad to find you take so much notice. You will soon know more about kitchen concerns than I do; and I dare say I need not tell you that flour is used for other things besides bread. Of it is made puddings, and pies, and cakes, of all which I know you are very fond. Now, my dear, what should we do without wheat, which furnishes such an important part of our food? And yet the farmer would plough his land and sow his seed in vain, he would

have no corn to reap in autumn, if God did



not cause the sun to shine, and the rain to descend, in their proper season ; so that for every morsel of bread that we eat, we are indebted to his kind providence ; and we should receive it all with thankfulness, as coming from a Father's hand.

“ Another very remarkable instance of his goodness, is, that wheat, which is so necessary to the support of the human race, will grow, if properly cultivated, in almost all parts of the world, though certainly more abundantly in

some countries than others. It is, however, most wisely ordered, that where they have least of this article, they have some others that are a good substitute. In the East and West Indies, for instance, and in Turkey,



THE RICE PLANT.

they produce great quantities of rice and millet, which furnish them with a great part of their food."

"And very good it is, too," said Ann; "I dearly love rice and millet puddings, and custard and nice rice milk."

"I have no doubt of it," said her father, "and it is very nourishing and good for you. Now, the great Lord of all has so wisely and graciously disposed of his gifts, that what one part of his dominions wants, another can

supply. We, for instance, in this favoured island, make a great many things, and send them to those countries which want them, while they in return give us a portion of their rice, and sugar, and other things, which these colder climates will not produce. This is called merchandize, and it is carried on in ships, which sail from one country to another, over the mighty waters. You have never yet seen the sea, or a ship of any size, and have a great pleasure to come, with which I hope some day to be able to gratify you.

“Now, my dear Ann, when we think of these things, it should lead us to reflect what an astonishing large family the great Lord of the universe has to provide for. Not only all men, and women, and children, in all parts of the world, and, for aught we know, of many other worlds, depend entirely upon his bounty ; but, also, all the beasts, and birds, and fishes, and insects, look up to him, and are supplied out of his stores with food suitable to their various natures and circumstances ; and though such an immense quantity and great variety of provisions are required, there is never any want ! or, if there should be a temporary scarcity, it is generally very partial, and the superabund-

ance of one part of the world can well supply the deficiency of another.

“What ideas, then, should we entertain of the majesty and greatness, as well as the wisdom and goodness of Him, who is the Father of this great family! And when we recollect that this great and glorious Being is ever near us; and that, though we cannot see him, he sees and hears all we say and do, and knows even our very thoughts, how should this consideration fill us with awe and reverence, and prevent our dishonouring or offending him by the commission of any wilful sin!”

“But, papa,” said Ann, “some people are so poor that they cannot afford to buy bread for themselves and their children.”

“True, my dear,” replied he, “and those poor people ought to be relieved and supplied out of the plentiful stores of their neighbours. Look,” said he, “at those women and children, who are so busy at that end of the field.”



“What are they doing?” inquired Ann.

"They are gleaning, or leasing, as it is called in some places," said her father; "that is, they are gathering up the loose ears and grains that have been dropped. Some of them, I see, have got together a good bundle; and they will carry it home, and make many a good meal from it during the winter."

"Oh! I hope they will all get a great deal," said Ann; "and when I have any pence given me, I will not spend them, but save them to give to poor people who have no money of their own."

"A very good resolution, my love," said Mr. Harrison; "I hope you will keep to it: and there is another lesson you may learn from your walk this morning, namely, never to waste a crumb of bread, now you have seen how much labour it costs, and how very valuable it is."

"Mamma has often told me that," answered Ann; "and she says that many persons who have wasted bread, have come to want a bit."

They had by this time reached home, and little Ann skipped in with a light heart, to tell her mamma the wonderful things she had seen, and the important lessons she had learned.



THE HOLIDAYS.

THE Christmas vacation now commenced, when children return home from school to their parents and friends. It is generally a cheerful time of the year for young people ; and Ann had looked forward to this season with great pleasure, for she expected to see her dear brother. Frederick had grown considerably during the past half-year, and was a tall, robust lad. His sister, too, was much improved, and they were highly pleased with each other.

As Frederick had now no boys to play with him, he was glad to make little Ann

the companion of his diversions. Sometimes he amused himself by teaching her some of his school lessons, and at others with tops, and balls, and marbles, or told her some entertaining stories of his school adventures; and now and then he would even condescend to talk about her dolls, and work-box, and pin-cushion; but he often made her laugh by showing how little he understood of these things.

Sometimes he was too ready to tease her and play her tricks; but his mamma told him that as he was much older than his sister, he ought to act as her protector, and do everything he could to make her happy. He should not vex her for his amusement, since it argued a bad disposition to be pleased with anything which gives another pain. On the other hand, she told Ann she should consider that her brother had no intention of hurting her, or making her uneasy, but only acted under the impulse of a lively and playful spirit; and she should look upon his little tricks as mere jokes, and laugh them off, instead of being offended at them. And as they were both, upon the whole, good-natured and affectionate children, they listened to their kind mamma, and left off those things

which she told them were wrong. Ann, too, remembered the little lambs she had seen playing so cheerfully and lovingly together, and endeavoured to imitate them. Thus a foundation was laid for solid and lasting friendship between these interesting children.

It was the general practice of the family to live very plainly; for Mrs. Harrison well knew that good plain food is far more wholesome for children, and indeed for everybody, than rich pastry and high-seasoned dishes. As Frederick, however, only came home twice in the year, he was indulged with some little niceties which it was not expected he could taste at school.

One day, little Ann, who was as fond as anybody of such things, had eaten too freely of something of this kind, which disordered her stomach, so that the next morning her hands were very hot and feverish, her eyes heavy, and her poor head ached so that she was glad to lay it upon the kind bosom of her dear mamma; and even little Harriet was given up for a time to the care of the maid, that Ann might be nursed now she was so ill.

Mrs. Harrison thought it right to give

her a dose of medicine, and mixed up a cooling potion. It had a very disagreeable smell, which made Ann almost sick when it was brought near her, and she was ready to say she could not take it; but she thought on the high hill, and considered that her mamma knew better than she did, and loved her too well to give her anything that would hurt her, and she knew it would grieve her if she refused to take it. She therefore took a good resolution, and drank it down at once, and her mother was pleased with her, and gave her a little sweetmeat to take after it.

At dinner, there was something upon the table that Ann thought she could eat a bit of, but her mamma told her she could not allow her to take anything but gruel; and she did not ask a second time, but took cheerfully what was given her. By this means, and the effect of the medicine, she became better towards evening; and having gone to bed early, and slept soundly, she arose in the morning as brisk as a lark, and as well as if nothing had ailed her.

Her papa, and mamma, and brother, and Betty, and Sarah, were all glad to see her so soon recovered, for they all loved her dearly ;

and her mother told her that now she experienced the good effects of being dutiful and submissive.

“ If you had not taken your medicine,” said she, “ or had eaten anything but what was very plain and simple, you would, in all probability, have been sick, and afflicted with the fever and headache still ; but by taking what was prepared for you, to which God has been pleased to add his blessing, you are now quite well, and able to jump and play about as usual. It is thus our heavenly Father deals with us ; for we are all children in spiritual knowledge, and too often perverse and rebellious children, and by giving way to our own appetites and passions, we bring much sickness and sorrow upon ourselves. And God often sends us trials and afflictions, which are like bitter and nauseous medicine given by the physician to his ailing patient, in order to make him well again.

As you were willing to take your medicine because you thought I meant it for your good, so, my dear child, whenever you are visited by pains and distresses, (and such you must experience if you live,) always consider that it is your Father who is in heaven

that sends them, and that he inflicts them to do you good ; and though for the time they may be hard to bear, yet he can cause them in the end to promote your welfare on earth, and your eternal happiness hereafter.





THE SPOILED CHILD.

It happened during the holidays that Mr. and Mrs. Harrison were invited out to tea, and requested to bring Frederick and Ann with them. The children were much pleased with the prospect of this visit, and a very agreeable one it would have been but for one circumstance, which quite spoiled the enjoyment of the whole party. Mr. and Mrs. Richards, to whose house they were going, had one daughter, about a year older than Ann. She was an only child, and was indeed quite a spoiled child. Her parents were so weak, that they could not bear to contradict her themselves, nor would they

suffer any one else to do it; so that the poor girl had been indulged in all her evil tempers and bad habits, till she was become a torment to herself and everybody about her. She was so rude and uncivil to the servants, that many good ones would not stay in the family, and she was continually wanting something or other, and put her parents to enormous expense to gratify her whims. And when, as was often the case, she took a fancy to something that it was absolutely impossible for them to procure, she would cry and scream, and almost throw herself into a fit with passion.

When the visitors arrived, they found Miss Margaret in the drawing-room, and she soon began to make such a noise that no one else could be heard. She jumped upon the chair-backs, and soon threw herself down; and then she cried so loud as to make the whole house echo, while her foolish mother was in an agony for fear she had hurt herself.

When tea was brought in, she paid no attention to her guests, but wanted first one thing and then another. She would have toast, and then she liked bread and butter better; and then she threw that aside, and reached across the table for some muffin, and

in so doing she threw several things down, and had nearly upset the urn full of boiling water. Yet all that her mother said was, "My dear Margaret, why do not you ask for what you want."

After tea, the children were taken up into the nursery; and here Ann found such a number of dolls, and playthings, and books, as she had never seen together before. But the dolls were without legs, or arms, or noses; the toys were broken in pieces; and the books torn into fragments; and the whole were scattered in wild disorder over the chairs, and tables, and floor of the room. The first view of this place was enough for Frederick, who went down stairs and begged leave to take a walk in the garden. And as Miss Richards took no notice of her visitor, poor Ann was sadly at a loss what to do with herself. She took up one of the broken dolls, but the rude girl snatched it from her, and told her she must not touch it for fear she should soil its frock. She then began to read a piece of a book, but Miss Margaret took it into her head to scold her maid so violently, for not directly finding something she wanted, that she could not understand what she read. In this manner the time

passed on, and glad was Ann when a message was sent that she must get ready to return home.

No sooner was Ann seated in the carriage that was to convey them back, than she exclaimed, "Oh, how glad am I to get out of that house! I never saw such a naughty girl as Miss Richards before in my life."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Harrison, "there is nothing in her conduct that I can commend to your imitation; but the poor child is much to be pitied."

"Pitied, mamma!" cried Ann, "why I am sure if Frederick or I were to behave so, you would not pity us, but you would be very angry, and punish us."

"That I certainly should, my dear," answered her mother: "but then Frederick and you have been under better discipline, and great pains have been taken to teach you proper behaviour; whereas this poor girl has been left entirely to herself, and so blindly indulged that she is quite spoiled."

"She is indulged, indeed," said Ann. "Why, mamma, she has almost as many playthings as there were in the toyshop you took me to the other day; but there is not one whole thing among them, and they

are all thrown about: you never saw such a room in your life as her nursery. And then she speaks to her maid in such a cross way as I am sure you would never suffer."

"She does many things, my dear," said Mr. Harrison, "which neither your mamma nor myself would suffer a child of ours to do; for we love our children, and wish others to love them, which no one could do if they were as rude and ill-behaved as Margaret Richards. I am glad you and your brother went with us, because it has afforded you both an opportunity of seeing the sad consequences of too great indulgence, and the want of proper correction, in this poor child, who, with all the gratifications that riches can procure for her, is miserable herself, and a torment to all belonging to her."

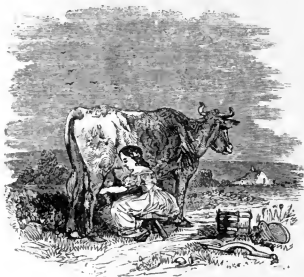
"If she was my sister," said Frederick, "I would lay a good stick about her back."

"That," replied his father, "would be taking the law into your own hands indeed; but I think I should not allow it, nor do I think sticks are the best instruments of correction in anybody's hands. But there are proper modes of discipline; and I hope whenever your dear mother or I are com-

pelled to use them, you will remember that we do it out of real love to you, in order to correct and subdue those dispositions which are unamiable, and prevent your rendering yourselves so disagreeable in the eyes of others as Miss Richards is in yours."

"Oh, papa," said little Ann, "I am sure I shall always love mamma and you the better for correcting me when I do wrong; and I hope you will never let me be like that unhappy girl."





USEFUL ANIMALS.

“WHAT a nice, nice creature our cow is! How I do love her!” said little Ann, as she came skipping into the parlour, after eating a hearty breakfast.

“And pray,” asked her father, “what makes you so fond of the cow?”

“Because she gives such nice milk, papa,” replied she. “I went with Betty to see her milk this morning—mamma said I might—and I have had some nice new milk for my breakfast, and it was very good.”

“Your walk in the fresh morning air had gained you an appetite,” said Mr. Harrison, “and this it was that made you think the milk sweeter than ordinary. But it seems

your love for the cow is a very selfish one ; it is because she gives you milk. I suppose, then, you only love me because I provide food and clothing to supply your wants."

" Oh, no," said the kind girl, throwing her arms round his neck, " I love you dearly, because you are my own dear, dear papa ; but what should I love the cow for, but because she gives me milk?"

" You should love her and all creatures with a love of kindness and benevolence ;" replied he, " that is, you should take pleasure in being kind to them, and seeing them as happy as their natures will admit of. But your love to the cow is rather to be called gratitude, which is a feeling of love and thankfulness, because of the benefits she confers upon you. And this, also, is to be cultivated, for it is one of the most amiable of feelings ; and the heart which is destitute of it is worse than that of a savage or a brute. But pray tell me, who furnished the cow with that wholesome food called milk, which she gives you?"

" It was God," replied the child ; " for everything that is good comes from him."

" Yes," said her father, " it was God who bestowed upon man his dominion over the

inferior creatures, and renders them so useful to him. The cow, you know, not only gives us milk and cream in abundance, but also butter and cheese, which are important articles of food ; and all she asks in return is some grass in summer and some hay in the winter. Nor does she minister to our necessities only while she is living, for when she is dead her flesh is very good and strengthening ; I suppose you know what it is called."

" Oh yes," said Ann, " the flesh of cows and oxen is called beef ; that of calves, who are the cow's little ones, is veal ; that of sheep is mutton ; and that of pigs, pork."

" Very well," answered her father. " The skins of cows and oxen, and calves too, are very valuable, for they are tanned and made into leather, of which, you know, shoes, and boots, and binding for books, and many other things, are made ; and their horns are manufactured into combs, knife-handles, and many useful articles. Part of their bones, too, are worked up in a similar way, and the rest are ground, and thus make good manure for the land. You see, then, how valuable cows are, both living and dead.

" The sheep is also very useful : the wool that grows upon its back affords us our

most comfortable articles of winter clothing ; your flannel, and worsted stockings, and stuff frock, and the nice cloth coat that wraps you up, and keeps you so warm when you go



out, are all made from the wool of the sheep ; and so are Frederick's clothes, and mine, and the blankets upon our beds, and the carpets that cover our floors."

" Why," asked Ann, " how can they afford to give us so much ? Are they not cold themselves ?"

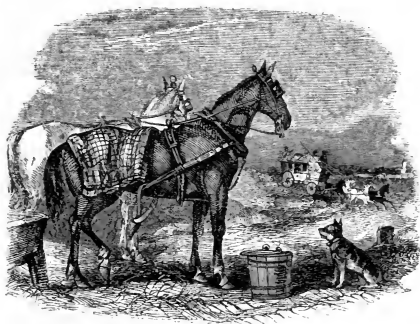
" No, my dear," said her father, " the wool upon their backs grows so thick and

heavy in the summer, that the poor animal can hardly move under its weight, and is very glad to have it shorn, or cut off; and then it is taken to the manufactory, to be spun, wove, and finished for our use; and before the cold weather comes, the wool grows again, so that the sheep does not miss what she has given us, but is as well off as before. When she is killed, she furnishes us with excellent mutton, which is, perhaps, the most wholesome of all meats for our table; and her skin and bones are made the same use of as the cow's.

“ Even the poor hog, though it has not much beauty to boast of, and can do us little good while it lives, furnishes some useful articles of food when it is dead, such as the hams and bacon you see sometimes at dinner; and its bristles are used to make several sorts of brushes.

“ Then there is the noble horse, what a useful creature he is! He draws our carriages, bears us swiftly along upon his back, carries our burdens, and will with ease do more work than ten men could perform. And though, when he dies, we do not eat his flesh, yet his skin is very valuable, and from the hair of his mane and tail is manufactured

the nice hair seating with which our sofa



and chair-bottoms are covered, besides sieves, and brushes, and other articles.

“The poor ass, too, must not be overlooked. It bears heavy burdens, and works hard, and is contented with very mean fare, so that poor people, who could not afford to maintain a horse, may manage to keep an ass, and find him very useful.”

“But, papa,” said Ann, “they often use it very cruelly. I have been ready to cry sometimes to see how wicked boys beat their poor asses.”

“Such sights are but too common in our

streets," replied Mr. Harrison, "and those who are cruel to the poor ass are, indeed, what you call them, wicked people. It shows a wretchedly depraved disposition in any person wantonly to ill-treat a poor dumb animal which cannot defend itself; and is, at the very time, rendering its cruel master all the service he is capable of. I have often been deeply affected at such scenes myself, and have thought that he who inflicted the blows was much more deserving of the name of



brute than the poor animal that endured them.

"The dog, too, is a very useful servant in

his place. You know how carefully poor Rover watches the house in the night, and barks to give us notice of any approaching danger ; and how he expresses his pleasure by wagging his tail and frisking about when he is permitted to go out with us, or we return from a journey. Dogs are very faithful, affectionate animals. Many instances have been known in which by their sagacity they have saved the lives of their owners.

“ Even miss puss is not to be despised. By her vigilance and keen scent she keeps our houses free from rats and mice, which would otherwise very much annoy us. While, therefore, I wish cats and dogs to be kept in their proper place, and not fondled and caressed like children, I would always insist upon their being well fed, and kindly treated.

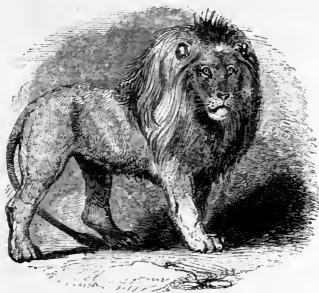
“ All these animals we are well acquainted with, but there are many other very useful ones, especially in foreign parts. Your mother’s muff and tippet, and the fur round the cape and sleeves of your coat, are made from the skins of beasts ; and in some countries, the inhabitants of which are uncivilized, they wear little else but different kinds of skins thrown loosely about them.

My hat, and Frederick's, and your bonnet, are partly made of the fur of the beaver ; and, in short, I could tell you many other things which, when you are capable of reading and understanding natural history, will very much surprise and entertain you. But I have already said much more upon this subject than I intended, and more, I am afraid, than you will be able to remember."

" Indeed, papa," said Ann, " I am much obliged to you for telling me so much about these useful animals: I am delighted to hear you talk, and I will try to remember all I can."

" I wish to inform your mind, my dear child," said her father, " but most of all to inspire your heart with gratitude and veneration for the great Creator, who has been so bountiful to his creature, man. It is he, as I said before, that has given us dominion over the brute creation, and made them promote our convenience and comfort. It is he, likewise, who protects us from the injuries we might otherwise suffer from fierce and wild beasts. In this happy country, we know little about them ; and even in those parts where lions, and tigers, and such savage creatures abound, they seldom leave their dens in

search of prey, except during the night; so that man may go forth to his labour, and perform his necessary duties, during the hours of daylight, without the dread of being exposed to their horrid teeth or cruel paws.





THE DISASTER.

A LADY from the neighbourhood of London had been paying a visit of some weeks to Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, and was so much pleased with the obliging manners and general good conduct of their little girl, that soon after her return home she sent by the carrier a deal box, neatly packed, and directed to her. Ann had hardly patience to wait till the screw-driver could be procured to open the box, so much did she long to see the contents, saying ten times over,

“Dear me, mamma, what do you think it can be?”

But who can describe her delight when she beheld, carefully wrapped up in wool, a very

beautiful wax doll. It was almost as big as a very small baby, and was indeed a very good imitation of one. Its complexion was very fair, and its cheeks and lips as rosy as those of Ann herself. It had blue eyes, and its eyelids were made to open and shut by a spring ; so that it could wake or sleep at its mamma's pleasure, which is more than can be said of all living babies. It had fine flaxen hair, curling in ringlets all round its face : and its dress was a delicate muslin frock, over a pink slip, a lilac silk pelisse, green morocco shoes, white kid gloves, and a straw bonnet tied with lilac ribbon.

Ann actually jumped for joy, and thanked Mrs. Morton many, many times, saying, " Oh, what a good lady she is ! how I do love her ! " Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, too, felt obliged to her, and were pleased to see their little Ann so happy. Her papa bought a pretty cradle for miss dolly to lie in, and her kind mamma gave her some calico and muslin, and cut out a complete set of night clothes, which Ann made very neatly. Her cousins, Emily and Sophia Newland, were invited to spend the next afternoon with her, that they might share her pleasure, and be

consulted about the name of the doll. Her mamma recommended her to call it Fanny, after Mrs. Morton's daughter. Ann made her mamma smile by saying, "I am sure I will not call it Margaret, for fear it should be like naughty Miss Richards."

The party met at the appointed time, and no little group was ever more happy. But, alas! young persons as well as old ones often find that their highest enjoyments are suddenly exchanged for the deepest mortification. Sophia, who was about a year and a-half younger than Ann, was dancing the doll, having just been cautioned to take great care of it, when by some means it slipped out of her hands, and fell with its face upon the floor. Poor Ann shrieked out so loud that her mamma came in in great haste, when she found all the children standing in amazement, and the doll still lying upon the carpet, for none of them had dared to pick it up. Mrs. Harrison did this, when, behold, the beautiful face, which had just before been so much admired, was left behind, being completely severed from the body.

Ann's distress was now great, indeed; she cried bitterly, and at first felt angry with her cousin; but when she looked at

her, and saw the poor little girl quite pale, and trembling with affright, she generously forgot her own trouble, in order to comfort Sophia. Taking her tenderly by the hand, and kissing her, she said in a voice interrupted by sobs,

“Do not cry, Sophia; I am not angry with you, for I am sure you did not intend to hurt my pretty doll.”

Sophia sobbed out, “No, indeed, indeed, I did not; and was very sorry.”

Mrs. Harrison told them that as what was done could not be undone, it was in vain to fret about it. She directed Sarah to set out some apple-pie for their suppers, but none of them could eat much, and when the servant came soon after to take Emily and Sophia home, they parted in a very different state of mind from that in which they had met.

When they were gone, Mr. Harrison, who had heard of the misfortune, took little Ann upon his knee, and told her he was sorry to hear of the disaster, but was pleased that she had, upon the whole, borne it so well.

“You may learn a useful lesson from it, my dear,” said he; “namely, not to rejoice too

much in any earthly possession ; for everything here is fleeting and frail, as an infant's toy. I have had my dolls, and bitterly have I felt when they were broken."

"Why, did you ever play with dolls, papa?" said Ann.

"Yes, my dear," replied he, "and do now, many a time. You and little Harriet are my dolls ; and Stephen, and Henry, and Francis, and Hester, now buried in the



churchyard, were playthings that I set my

heart but too much upon: and no one can tell how that heart bled when my heavenly Father saw fit to take them away from me; but it is our duty to submit cheerfully to his wisdom, who knows best what is for our real good; and we should try, in all things, small as well as great, to say from our hearts, ‘Thy will be done.’

“It would have been very unkind if you had been angry with your poor little cousin for an accident she could not help. We should always consider motives; and not take offence where none was intended, but rather forgive and comfort those who have undesignedly done us an injury, as you did by poor Sophia.”

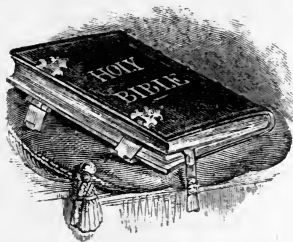
“Do you think, papa,” said Ann, “that Mrs. Morton will be very angry with me when she knows that my pretty doll is broken already?”

“She could not be angry with you, my love,” replied he, “as you did not break it; but we will not tell her anything about it. We can thank her for her kind present without saying a word of the accident; and as a card with the maker’s address was enclosed in the box, I will pack it up carefully, and send it back to him; and I dare say he

will be able either to fasten on the face, or make a new one, so that your doll will be as handsome as ever."

Ann was much comforted by this kind promise from her papa; and cheerfully bidding her parents good night, she went to bed, and slept soundly: nor did I hear that she even dreamed of her doll's misfortune.





THE BIBLE.

“MAMMA,” said Ann, “when shall I begin to read the Bible?”

“You have already begun it, and read a considerable part of it,” replied her mother.

“Oh no, mamma!” cried Ann, “I only finished the Testament yesterday.”

“Well, is not that a part of the Bible?” asked her mother.

“I thought not, mamma.”

“Then, my dear, you were mistaken, as I will endeavour to explain to you,” said Mrs. Harrison. “‘The Bible’ means simply, ‘The book,’ and it is so called by way of eminence, because it is the word of God, and contains a revelation of his will. In value,

it is above other books, as the sun at noon-day exceeds in brightness the little glimmering lamp, that burns all night in your nursery. For the same reason it is called, 'The Scriptures,' which means, 'The writings,' because the various books, or parts, of which it is composed, were first committed to writing, and circulated in that form for many ages before the art of printing was discovered.

“ Now this holy book, or Bible, consists of two parts, the Old Testament and the New. In the Old Testament, which begins with the book of Genesis and ends with that of Malachi, we have the fullest and most authentic account of the creation of the world, the sin and fall of our first parents, and the sad corruption of their posterity; the selection of God's ancient people, the Jews, from the rest of mankind; his wonderful preservation of them, and their settlement in the promised land of Canaan; together with the remarkable histories of some individuals, such as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Joseph, David, Job, and others; some of which you remember, I dare say, to have read in your little book of Scripture Histories. It contains, also, the law of God; or the

ten commandments, given in a very solemn manner from mount Sinai, and a great number of very remarkable prophecies respecting the Messiah, who was in due time to come into the world, to repair the ruins of the fall, by atoning for sin, and thus becoming the salvation of his people.

“ The New Testament is of more recent, that is, of later date, and contains the history of that blessed Saviour, who has now appeared, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, and fulfilled the prophecies given of him,



suffering and dying that sinners, through believing in him, might be saved. This history, as you know, is contained in the first four books, called the Gospels, which

word signifies good news, or glad tidings, and such, indeed, they contain. You have read them; and I have tried, as well as I was able, to explain them to you."

"Yes, mamma," said Ann, "they were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and they give an account of what the Lord Jesus Christ did and said while he was upon earth, and of the cruelty of the wicked Jews and Romans in putting him to such a shocking death."

"True, my love," replied her mother; "but you know I told you that, though the Jews and Roman soldiers were the actors in that awful scene, yet it was the sins of the human race, and, among others, yours and mine, that were the cause of it. And that it is only through the death and righteousness of the blessed Redeemer, who died, the just for the unjust, that we can attain pardon for our sins, and an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven."

"The New Testament, I suppose you recollect, besides this, contains the Acts of the Apostles, or an account of their travels into various parts of the world, and the spread of the gospel by their means, after our Lord had ascended up into glory; together with the

death of Stephen, the first martyr, and the



remarkable conversion of Saul of Tarsus, who, from a furious persecutor, became a zealous disciple, and, under his subsequent name of Paul, travelled more, and laboured harder, than any other of the apostles. We have, likewise, the epistles, or letters, which he and others of the apostles wrote to the churches they had planted; which contain the most important doctrines, and rules to regulate our faith and practice: and lastly, a revelation, which was given to John, when he was banished, for his Master's sake, to the isle of Patmos, to show him what was to come to pass in the future ages of the church.

“ Now the reason we put the New Testament first into the hands of our children, is

not because it is less holy, or contains less important matter, than the Old; far be such a thought from our mind! but rather because it does not abound so much with difficult words and phrases; and is, therefore, more easy to read, and, perhaps, to understand, than the other. As you have now gone through it, we will next read together the Psalms of David, which are full of sublime devotion. Afterwards, we will go through the Proverbs of Solomon, and his book called Ecclesiastes, which abound with the finest sentiments of wisdom and morality. And then, if our lives are spared, you shall read the historical and prophetical books in their proper order."

"Why is the Bible called the word of God?" inquired Ann. "Did God speak it with his own mouth?"

"Some parts of it he did, my love," said her mother; "as, for instance, the law which he delivered from mount Sinai; and the other parts he inspired, that is, he put it into the hearts of holy and good men to write them under such an infallible influence of his Holy Spirit, as convinced them that what they wrote was not the invention of man, but pure truth revealed from heaven.

This book ought never to be read but with great reverence and seriousness, because its contents alone can make us wise unto salvation. It is not like the other books you read, to be used as helps to your education, and laid aside when that is completed. No, my dear Ann, I hope you will ever consider the Bible as your best treasure, and study it with increasing delight, and with earnest prayer to the Almighty that he would teach you its true meaning, even to the end of your life."





SEE ACTS V. 7—11.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

As Mrs. Harrison sat at work, one morning, Ann came into the parlour crying, and apparently in great distress. Upon her mother's inquiring the reason of her sorrow, she replied with sobs, "I have been naughty, mamma, and you will be very angry with me."

"What have you done?" said her mother.

"I have broken one of the china tea cups," said she.

"Oh! that was indeed naughty," answered Mrs. Harrison. "How came you to do it?"

"Mamma," said poor Ann, still crying,

“ Betty had set the tea things upon the tray, and when she was gone out of the kitchen, I took down one of the cups, only to look at the pretty flowers ; and it slipped out of my hand, and broke all to pieces. Pray forgive me ! Indeed I could not help it.”

“ Certainly, my dear,” said her mother, “ you could have helped it, by letting the cup alone. You know I have often cautioned you against touching anything that does not belong to you. I am sorry you have broken the cup, because by this accident the set is spoiled ; yet I cannot be very angry, since you have told the truth, and acknowledged your fault.”

“ But, mamma,” said Ann, “ I did think not to have done so, but to say that puss, who was in the kitchen, had jumped upon the table and knocked it down ; and was not that a very wicked thought, mamma ?”

“ It was, indeed,” said her mother ; “ but how came it that you did not do so ?”

“ Why,” answered the child, “ I remembered what you have often told me, that God Almighty is present everywhere, and sees and knows all I do. And I thought, if you did not find it out, he would know it, and

be angry with me, and that would be worse than if you punished me ever so much."

Mrs. Harrison took her little girl upon her lap, and, tenderly wiping away her tears, told her she was much rejoiced to find that she attended so well to the instructions she received from time to time; and that by this means she had kept from the commission of a great sin.

"The wicked thought that arose in your mind, my love," said she, "came from Satan, the great enemy of our souls, and the father of all lies. It was he that tempted our first mother, Eve, to eat the forbidden fruit; and he has been ever since exerting his power and malice by endeavouring to deceive mankind, and draw them into rebellion against the laws and authority of God.

"Now, my dear, if you had told that sad story, and laid the blame of your own fault upon the poor cat, you would have committed a very great sin; and as I should certainly have questioned you very closely, you would, perhaps, have been tempted to tell many more falsehoods to conceal that one, and thus have made yourself very unhappy; for I trust your mind is too tender to be easy when you know you have done wrong. And

if (which would most probably have been the case) I had detected you, I certainly should have been very angry, and seen it my duty to correct you severely. But now, by setting the Lord before you, that is, by remembering his presence, and acting under the influence of his fear, you have saved yourself from distress and punishment. For though I had rather the cup had not been broken, yet my concern on that account is more than overbalanced by the regard my dear child has shown for the truth. Always act thus, my dear, and whenever you commit a fault, honestly acknowledge it, and never for a moment listen to the suggestion that would prompt you to tell a lie, or in any way to be guilty of deception. Do you not recollect what you read to me a few months ago, about General Washington?"

"Yes, mamma," said Ann, "when he was a little boy, somebody gave him an axe, and he chopped a favourite cherry tree belonging to his father; and when he was asked about it, he said, 'I cannot tell a lie, papa; I did cut it with my little axe.'"

Mrs. Harrison. And what did his papa say to him?

Ann. He answered that he was more than

paid for the loss of his cherry tree, even if



its leaves had been of silver, and its blossoms of gold. I did think of this pretty story, mamma, when I had broken the tea cup.

“That was right, my love,” said her mother, “when we read of any noble and worthy actions, we should always endeavour to lay them up in our memory, that we may imitate them, when placed in similar circumstances. I heartily forgive you, my dear Ann, and only request that you will be more careful in future than to play with such brittle articles.”

Ann promised she would be more cautious, and having kissed her dear mamma, sprang

away to her play as gay and cheerful as usual. When Mrs. Harrison told her husband what had passed, he was much pleased; and they both thanked God for having put it into their little girl's heart, rather to incur the risk of punishment, than to offend him by telling an untruth.





A WALK IN THE SPRING.

THE gloomy season of winter, with its snows and its storms, had now passed away, and spring, with its mild breezes and pleasant sunshine, returned once more to animate and fructify the earth. Little Ann was roused from sleep, one morning, by the well-known voice of her papa, who called out, "Come, Ann, I am disposed for a walk; mamma cannot go, but she says you may go with me. I dare say you have no objection, so get your things on, and let us be off."

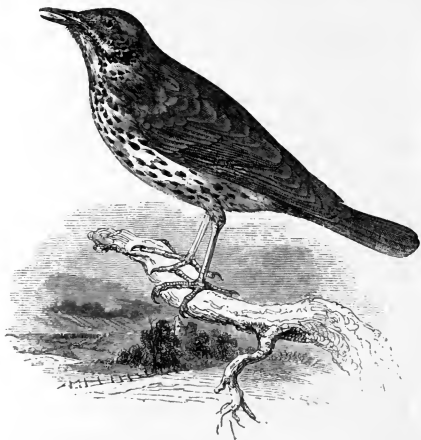
Such an agreeable summons was promptly obeyed; and Ann, with a smiling countenance, tripped forth by her father's side. He

looked upon her with all a parent's fondness. The full bloom of health sat on her rosy dimpled cheeks; and the fire and vivacity of childhood sparkled in her eyes. Her mind, too, like the young buds and blossoms around, was gradually but perceptibly unfolding, and promised richly to repay the culture which her parents had so carefully bestowed upon it.

"Oh, papa!" said she, as they walked along, "what a beautiful morning it is!" And indeed it was so. The sun shone forth in its splendour, and not a cloud appeared to hide his rays. The fresh grass, which covered the meadows through which their path lay, looked like a fine green carpet, embroidered with thousands of flowers of the loveliest forms, and most brilliant colours. And the young leaves, just bursting from their buds, threw a soft and gentle aspect over the scene, while here and there a stately chestnut tree reared its head and expanded its blossoms, or the modest hawthorn scented the air with its perfume.

The harmless sheep were quietly cropping the herbage, with their lambkins frisking by their sides; the skylark, soaring up towards heaven, warbled forth his sweetest songs;

while the blackbird and the thrush seemed



THE THRUSH.

to respond to his lays, and to fill the woods with their melody.

“It is indeed a beautiful morning!” said Mr. Harrison, “and the scenery around us is very lovely. No painter’s pencil or poet’s song could do justice to it.”

“How pretty the trees, and the shrubs, and

the little flowers among the grass look !” said Ann ; “ and, papa, have you taken notice of our orchard ? I went into it with Betty, yesterday, and I could have staid there all day to admire it. It looks just as if all the apple trees were changed into large rose-bushes, they are so full of beautiful pink and white flowers.”

“ They are the blossoms, which will by and by produce fruit,” replied her father. “ I have observed, and admired them ; and I am glad to find you have done the same. I wish you to have a taste capable of relishing the beauties of nature ; for they are innumerable, and will furnish a feast of endless variety and delight to the well-cultivated mind.

“ But, my dear, we must not stop at the streams ; but endeavour, by means of them, to rise to the fountain. I mean, we should not be satisfied with admiring the works of creation ; but ever consider by whose wisdom and power they were made, and whose mighty arm sustains them in being, directs all their changes, and produces, year after year, through successive generations, such fresh exhibitions of grandeur and loveliness.”

“It was the great God that made them all,” said Ann: “I know that; for no man could make even one of these little flowers, much less all the glorious things I see around me.”

“It was indeed the great and adorable Jehovah!” answered Mr. Harrison, that made the earth and all that it contains. He, too, made the sun, and moon, and stars, those brilliant lamps in the firmament, which enable us to see and to admire these lower beauties; for what would all these enchanting scenes be to us, if we had no light whereby to behold them?

“And when the nipping frost and chilling blasts of winter have laid all nature waste, and made the fields and woods look like a dreary desert, he again causes the warm breezes to blow, and the clear sun to shine, and the refreshing showers to descend, and thus renews the face of nature, and clothes it again with verdure and beauty. The very circumstance of the apple blossoms which you have just now mentioned is a proof of his indulgent goodness; for by this means two of our senses are gratified. The blossoms are necessary to protect the young fruit from external injury, but then they might have

been all of one colour, and had no beauty to attract our notice: whereas we see that they cheer and delight the eye, long before they attain that maturity which fits them to regale the taste.

“Many authors have noticed, likewise, the wisdom and kindness displayed in clothing the earth with green, that colour being of all others the best for our sight, and that which we can longest bear to gaze upon. Do not all these things manifest the great love and care of the Almighty Creator towards us his dependent creatures? and ought we not, think you, to love, and serve, and delight in him, in return?”

“I wish I could love him more, and think of him oftener than I do,” exclaimed little Ann.

“We have all reason to wish so, my dear,” said her father, “for the love and service which the wisest men, and even the holiest saints, render to God, is very defective, and far inferior to the just claims he has upon us. But he is the Author, not of the work of creation only, but of that of redemption. He foresaw the sad consequences of our first parents’ fall, and mercifully contrived the plan of salvation; and

sent his own Son into the world to execute it: by his death to atone for our sins, and by his obedience to work out for us a justifying righteousness,—that white robe of which I once talked to you,—by which whosoever believes in him shall be accepted of God the Father, notwithstanding all their defects. And he will, likewise, give his Holy Spirit to all those who seek him by humble prayer, by whose influences they will be enabled to love him sincerely, and serve him constantly, though they can do neither in perfection.

“This great God, who has made all things, and redeemed his chosen people, and who is so worthy of our worship and adoration, has set apart one day in every week for his own more immediate service. In the first instance, it was to commemorate the work of creation; and now, under the gospel dispensation, it is kept in remembrance of the resurrection of his Son from the dead.

“That day will come to-morrow; you know we call it the Lord’s day. You have long been accustomed to attend Divine worship on that day, and I am glad to say, you behave well; but I want you, my dear, to understand what you are taken to the house of God for, that when there you may render

him a reasonable service. Man is the only creature in this lower world that is endued with a rational and immortal soul; and therefore the only one capable of worshipping God, who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth; and the service he requires is that of the heart. Ever remember this, my dear Ann; and, oh! may you be brought indeed to love God, and so to delight in the service of his house below, that you may be prepared to worship him for ever in his temple above!"

He ceased; for his own thoughts were overpowered with the greatness of the subject on which he had been discoursing. Even little Ann felt a solemnity of mind which repressed her usual inclination to prattle, and they walked on in silent musing, till they found themselves at their own door.

THE END.







